

THE AVE MARIA

DEVOTED TO THE HONOR
OF THE
BLESSED VIRGIN



★ NOTRE DAME, INDIANA. ★
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

PRICE

\$2

PUBLISHED WEEKLY

Entered as Second-Class Matter at Notre Dame, Indiana
American News Co.; Gill & Son; Burns and Oates; Catholic Book Depot, Fort, Bombay;
Sydney, N. S. W., Louis Gille & Co.; Melbourne, Australia, William P. Linehan.

FOREIGN

\$3

Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized on June 25, 1918.

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CALENDAR OF THE WEEK

Blessed is the man that heareth me and that watcheth daily at my gates.—PROVERBS. viii. 34.

SATURDAY, 13.—St. Anacleto, P. M. St. Mildred, V.
SUNDAY, 14.—Eighth after Pentecost. St. Bonaventure, B. C. D.
MONDAY, 15.—St. Henry, C. St. Swithun, B.
TUESDAY, 16.—Our Lady of Mt. Carmel. St. Helier, C.

WEDNESDAY, 17.—St. Alexius, C. St. Kenelm, M.
THURSDAY, 18.—St. Camillus, C. SS. Symphorosa and Comp's, MM.
FRIDAY, 19.—St. Vincent de Paul, C.
SATURDAY, 20.—St. Jerome Emilian, C. St. Margaret, V. M.

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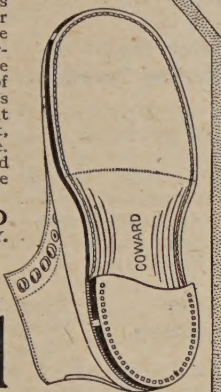
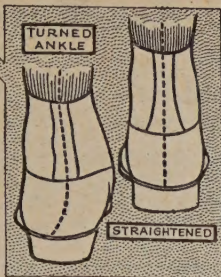
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VOL. VIII. (New Series.)

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JULY 13, 1918.

NO. 2

[Published every Saturday. Copyright, 1918: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C. S. C.]

Lord, I Ask a Garden.

FROM THE SPANISH OF R. AREVALO MARTINEZ,
BY MARY E. MANNIX.

LORD, I ask a garden in a quiet spot,
 Where a sparkling brooklet flows beneath the
 shade,
 Morning-glories climbing o'er my humble cot,
 With a loving wife and son in Thine image made.
 Free from hates and rancor, to live for many a
 year,
 Making these my verses fresh and pure and
 sweet,
 Like earth's moistening rivers, running full and
 clear,—
 Lord, 'mid trees and birds give me a pathway
 for my feet.
 Lord, leave me my mother. Like a little child,
 With kisses and caresses I would her enfold,
 Filling her life's autumn with brightness soft
 and mild;
 She will need the sunshine—she is growing old.

Shrines of the Blessed Virgin in Dalmatia and Istria.

BY DARLEY DALE.

TWO more interesting countries
 from every point of view, and
 at the same time two less known,
 did not exist before the war, than
 Istria and Dalmatia. But as we write
 fierce battles are raging in Istria; and
 when the peace conference meets, Dal-
 matia will be one of the crucial questions
 it will have to settle.

The charming scenery, both land and

sea (and there is nothing finer than some
 of it); the beautiful Byzantine, Venetian-
 Gothic, and Renaissance architecture; the
 art treasures of the Venetian and Italian
 Schools; the historical and archæological
 interests, and the picturesque costumes of
 the cosmopolitan inhabitants,—all make
 these lands well worthy of notice. To
 Catholics they are deeply interesting from
 a religious point of view; the people are
 very devout; processions and pilgrimages
 to various shrines are constantly taking
 place, both among Catholics (who form
 the majority of the population) and among
 the Orthodox; and to the credit of both
 it must be said that they get on better
 here than in other countries, where the
 rivalry between them is more acute. For
 example, on the feast of the Assumption
 at Sebenico, in Dalmatia, the Orthodox
 Greeks hold a grand procession upon which,
 as it passes, the Catholics look with
 reverence and interest.

The city of Aquileia was founded in
 Apostolic times. Tradition says St. Peter
 sent St. Mark hither from Rome to preach
 the Gospel; and there were several Chris-
 tian churches here in the third century of
 our era. At one time both St. Jerome and
 St. Ambrose lived in the city. Between
 Aquileia and Grado, both in the south of
 Istria, near the Isonzo River (of which we
 hear so much in the present struggle),
 there is a tiny island named Barbana, with
 a church dedicated to S. Maria di Barbana.
 A legend says that in the early days of
 Christianity, a picture of Our Lady floated
 to the shores of this island, and was caught
 in the boughs of a tree, which lived till

the middle of the nineteenth century, when it was destroyed in a terrific storm. On the feast of the Assumption, a pilgrimage is made every year to this church. People come from the neighboring little islands, and especially from Grado on the mainland, to visit the Madonna di Barbana. It is carried in procession to the pier to meet a picture of the Blessed Virgin from Grado, which is brought in a boat, with banners and lighted tapers, with priests in their vestments, and acolytes; and all then proceed to the church of S. Maria di Barbana.

A more celebrated shrine of Our Lady in Dalmatia is that of the Madonna di Tarsatto, near the seaport of Fiume, on the southern shore of the Dalmatian coast. This church stands on the site where the Holy House of Nazareth rested for three years and seven months (1291-1294), before it was transported to Loreto, where it now is. Behind the high altar, at Tarsatto, there is a room in a passage still shown, which is said to have been part of the Holy House. The name of the ancient city was Tarsatica. It was destroyed in 799 by Charlemagne. The more modern town of Fiume is a commercial port, the principal trade being wine. The canal is lively with boats; and there is a wine quay, from which a street leads to a flight of 410 steps, by which the church is approached. Pilgrims usually ascend these steps on their knees,—a more difficult task than to mount the Santa Scala at Rome. In the church there is a picture of Our Lady and the Holy Child which is attributed to St. Luke. Only the faces and hands are painted; the rest of the picture is inlaid with silver-plating like a Greek icon. The pillars of the church are covered with votive offerings from sailors who have been saved from the perils of the sea by Our Lady's intercession. In front of the church is an avenue of horse-chestnuts; and on the left, on a hill, stands the Castle of Tarsatto, which formerly belonged to the Counts Frangipani, one of whom founded the church in 1453, on

the site where the Holy House had stood.

On the quays of Fiume a most cosmopolitan crowd may be seen. As at Trieste, hither come Albanians, Turks, Montenegrins, Bosniaks, Herzegovinians, Norwegian and English sailors, Morlacchi, picturesque fishermen from Chioggia,—all in their special costumes. The Morlacchi are Slavs; but the greater number of the inhabitants of Fiume are Italians, as they are at Zara. The Slavs are the Montenegrins, Serbs, and Croats. The Croats are Catholics, but the Montenegrins and Serbs are Orthodox, each having their own church under a Patriarch. Numbers of this motley crowd will visit Our Lady of Tarsatto, especially on her feasts.

The Dalmatians are mostly Slavs, but the country was under Venetian rule from the fifteenth century, when it passed to Austria Hungary, so there are a good many Italians, especially on the coast. Some travellers maintain that the Dalmatians are pure Slavs, especially the inhabitants of the islands, where for one thousand years the ancient liturgy of the Church was sung in Slavonic. The truth is that the Dalmatians are a very mixed race,—Italians, Roumanians and Hungarians, as well as the Slav nations, forming part of the population.

At Cattaro, in the extreme south of Dalmatia, the two feasts of Our Lady which are the most observed are her Assumption (August 15), and her Nativity (September 8). The people have a proverb about these feasts: *Entre le due Madonne cade la pioggia* ("Between Our Lady's two feasts falls the rain"), because the greatest rainfall of the year occurs at this time. There is a little church on a rock that can scarcely be called an island, in the Bocche di Cattaro, called the Madonna del Scarpello. A Byzantine picture of Our Lady ascribed to St. Luke is the object of veneration in this church. It was brought to the island in 1452, when, according to a pretty legend, a sailor saw a luminous figure of Our Lady standing on this rock in the Bocche di Cattaro, on July 22, of

that year; and a chapel was built on the spot. Later, in 1628, the present church, with its green cupola, was built; and it is a picturesque object from the shore. The island is so small that every year loads of stone are brought from the mainland to add to its size. This shrine is a very rich one, the property of the little church being valued at over £30,000. On the above-mentioned feasts, in peace time, the statue is hung with jewels, which are kept all the rest of the year under lock and key.

At Pola, in the south of Istria, there was an ancient church, built on the foundations of a temple of Minerva, dedicated to S. Maria Formosa, or S. Maria del Canneto,—that is, St. Mary of the Marsh. It was founded in 546 by Maximinian, Archbishop of Ravenna, who built, close to the church, a Benedictine monastery. This was destroyed in 1243, when the Venetians sacked the town, and carried off most of the valuables, including some beautiful pillars which went to S. Maria delle Salute in Venice. The present church of Our Lady of the Marsh is much smaller than the original one, of which it contains fragments. It is in an extraordinary situation; for it is enclosed in a hotel, built on the ancient site of the temple of Minerva.

The population of Zara is chiefly Italian. The church, S. Maria Nuova, was in existence in 906. The Benedictines of S. Crysogono, in the same city, gave it to some nuns of their own Order in 1066. It has a fine tower, built in 1105 to commemorate the entry into Zara of one Coloman as King of Dalmatia. There is a window in the church communicating with the convent, but it is opened only at the profession or burial of one of the nuns. Above the high altar is a treasury, in which are kept some beautiful fourteenth-century reliquaries, containing precious relics. One reliquary, of Renaissance design, contains relics described as garments of our Blessed Lord.

On a tiny island called Mezzo, opposite Ragusa on the mainland, to which when a

republic it formerly belonged, there is a shrine of Our Lady known as S. Maria del Biscione, or Our Lady of the Serpent. The title has nothing to do with Satan, as might be imagined; but is derived from the arms of the Visconti family, which include a serpent, and are contained in an iron grille round one of the altars. The bay in which the island stands bears the same name. The church is at some little distance from the town, and is a fifteenth-century building.

The Franciscans have at Spalato a convent which originally belonged to the Benedictines; it contains the celebrated Madonna del Palude in the church of S. Maria delle Grazie. The name is given to the shrine from a picture of Benedetto Carpaccio, the celebrated Venetian painter, who was a native, as (according to the Dalmatians) was his father also, of Dalmatia; and many of their paintings are to be found scattered about the country in various churches. This one of Our Lady of the Cloak is in tempera, and represents Our Lady Help of Christians. She holds the Holy Child close to her breast in one hand, and with the other spreads wide her mantle to screen a crowd of men on one side, and of women on the other, from the darts which God the Father is raining on them from on high. This picture draws to Spalato the devout as well as the artistic; while the learned are attracted to the place by a celebrated antiphony, beautifully illuminated by one Padre Bonaventura Radmilovic, who worked at it for ten years.

Vittore Carpaccio, the father of Benedetto, is claimed by the Venetians as a native of Venice. He had a house still standing in Capodistria, where Benedetto was born. In the cathedral here, the finest fifteenth-century building in Istria, there are several pictures of Our Lady by both the Carpaccios. There is one of the Presentation and another of the Coronation by Benedetto, and one of the Madonna and Child by Vittore. A little north of Capodistria is the town of Muggia Vecchia,

an ancient city, first mentioned in history in 971. The church is very old also. It stands among ruins, with wild irises growing round it. Remains of old pictures are found on the interior walls; among them, on a pier, is one of St. Christopher, with a legend beneath saying that 'whoso looks on him will not die a sudden death that day.' Another pier has a picture of St. Dominic; and yet another close by has a picture of Our Lady called by the extraordinary title of Madonna Blacherniotissa, of the meaning of which there is uncertainty.

There is a little island joined to the mainland by a bridge not far from Spalato, and close to Salona. It has a church dedicated to S. Maria di Salona, which was founded by one Queen Helena,—not the saint, but a Dalmatian sovereign. A sarcophagus discovered in the church in 1896 bears her name and the date 971. She was the wife of King Mihael and the mother of King Stephano.

We have said that the Carpaccios were natives of Dalmatia: we must not forget to mention another celebrated painter of the Venetian school, who was born at Sebenico in Dalmatia—Andrea Schiavone. He was originally only a house painter and decorator; but he went to Venice, where he met Titian, who, recognizing his talent, became his master and helped him. His best works are cabinet pictures of the Holy Family and the Adoration of the Shepherds. There is a beautiful fifteenth-sixteenth-century cathedral at Sebenico, which is an episcopal See,—both for the Catholics, to whom the cathedral belongs; and for the Orthodox Church, which also has a Bishop of Sebenico.

And here we must take leave of this fascinating country, only hoping that the war will not destroy its artistic treasures and devotional shrines.

I COULD sleep without the least fear on the crater of Mount Vesuvius if I had Our Lady's Rosary in my hands.

—*Fr. Thomas Burke, O. P.*

Under the Silver Box.

BY ALICE DEASE.

II.

AS the appearance together of the lodging-house "slavey" and Jim Freville had seemed to Morna typical of her past and her future life, so were her first impressions of the big, grim house in Cumberland Place typical of her attitude towards that life which, it appeared likely, was to be hers in it. The quick, silent opening of the door when Jim, jumping from the taxi, had rung the bell; the two footmen who stood like statues to receive her, and then disburdened her of cloak and luggage; the sleek, black back of the butler as she followed him up the wide stairs, on which the thick carpet deadened all sound of passing feet,—all appealed to the part of her that longed for luxury and correctness. But even before the drawing-room door was opened, the solidity and stolidity of it all began to weigh her down; and the effect made upon her by the two large rooms (with windows on both sides of them), which her eyes took in at a glance, did nothing to efface the feeling of oppression. They were high as well as big, these rooms, filled with heavy, old-fashioned furniture,—comfortable but cumbersome; and only the profusion of hothouse flowers made them look homelike or lived in at all.

At the first glance, Morna thought the rooms were empty; but as soon as her name was announced, a curtain, which hid a bay-like recess in the farther end of the two drawing-rooms, was drawn back, and a little lady came forward and greeted Morna warmly, leading her towards the fire, the glow of which was welcome after the piercing wind outside.

"My dear child," said Mrs. Freville, as she kissed the small pale face, smaller and paler than usual, surrounded as it was with the black of its owner's mourning. "So you are Miriam Perrin's

girl!" She pushed her gently into a chair, thus scrutinizing her well, without appearing to do so. "You are like your mother," she went on,—"*very* like her. At least, *are* you? Yes, I think you are; but you are more like yourself than like her. Now, don't you think I have placed you rightly?"

She spoke thus purposely, so as to give the girl a moment in which to gather her thoughts; and, though usually a stranger to anything approaching shyness, Morna felt that so much now depended on the impression she might make on her cousin, she was not sorry for the little respite which Mrs. Freville's consideration afforded her.

Then, as her hostess sat down beside her, she began to ask about her mother's illness, and a little of the life they had led before. Time, on Mrs. Freville's side at least, had softened the antagonism which had long ago existed between the cousins; and now death had wiped away even the remembrance of it, and she spoke to Morna of the dead woman in a very different tone from that in which the girl had always heard her mother speak of Mrs. Freville.

Morna's impression had been that Mr. D'Arcy's daughter had been a spoiled, wilful girl, reserved and haughty, and, naturally, impatient of anything that crossed her will; and, understanding from her mother that time had served only to strengthen these defects of character, she had appealed to Mrs. Freville quite as a last resource, applying to her for what she had no hope of getting from any one else—a home, and possibly a luxurious one. Now, at their first meeting she showed herself; and Morna's quick perceptions told her that Mrs. Freville was truly what she seemed: kind and open-hearted to those whom she admitted to her intimacy, though possibly cold and reserved to strangers, and perhaps a little too anxious to direct her world in her own way.

Like many middle-aged women who have not had a great deal to say to young people, Mrs. Freville was inclined to think that at nineteen a girl is still a child, with

a mind open to all impressions for good, and with no knowledge of the world or of evil. She forgot that even a sheltered girlhood nowadays brings with it fuller development than that; and even had she been told it, she could not have brought herself to believe that Morna had already seen and known things that she herself was only aware existed.

The room to which after a time Morna was taken was just what Mrs. Freville would have prepared for a daughter of her own: a girl's room, simple, dainty, yet with every comfort. There were almost childish pictures on the pink-and-white walls; and, with the sordidness of her past upon her, Morna felt strangely out of place amongst it all. Even her clothes—the things she had dragged with her from lodging to lodging—seemed almost to defile the rose-pink room, so different were the scenes in which they had been familiar. There were in her boxes a few photographs, a book or two, a tawdry fan, some theatre programs, the names of which, Morna felt, would have made her hostess shudder somewhat. Such things as these must either be destroyed or hidden. The fire was a convenient end to most. One or two she locked away in her hand bag; and, first emptying its contents, she came upon a plain wooden crucifix, the only emblem of religion that, so far as she knew, her mother had ever possessed. She was not looking for it; she had forgotten its existence; but now, finding it unexpectedly, she took it in her hand and gazed upon it fixedly.

Her mother, at the very last, had, to her amazement, asked that a priest should come to her; and she had bidden Morna take out this cross and lay it on her bed. She had died so soon after the priest left her that Morna was not sure if the broken words she uttered were spoken with full consciousness or not. "It's not worth it, child," she had said. "Give me the cross. This must be the end of us all." And, holding the cross, her soul had passed away.

At the time the girl had had no thought

for what she meant. Now, in the safety of this new home, the crucifix had brought the words back to her; and, with the smooth wood in her hands, she sat down, looking at the Figure which, ill instructed though she was, she knew had died this way for love of mankind.

"It's not worth it." What? The life they had led? The struggle after pleasure? The intrigues and subterfuges (to call them nothing else) in which this struggle had involved them? "It's not worth it,"—for the end is death, when nothing matters but the Cross and Him who died upon it. Was that her mother's meaning? If so, was she now glad, if she knew, of the harbor that had been opened to Morna? The girl gazed around the room. It's pink-and-white tints seemed to declare the possibilities of good, the shelter from all external evil of her new life. "I will be good!" she cried, half aloud. "O God, I will be good, now that I have the chance!"

It was perhaps the nearest approach to a prayer that had ever crossed her lips; for, though nominally a Catholic, religion had had no place in Mrs. Perrin's unhappy, disappointed life, and it meant little or nothing to her daughter. Yet the girl's better nature craved after the right, though the qualities that her past life had fostered rebelled against the restrictions she felt religion would lay upon her. But just now her heart was touched by her cousin's reception of her; and in the future which her quick imagination had planned out she was glad to see little difficulty in the path of what she called "being good."

She opened her bag again, and pulled out a book she had laid aside. It was a French novel, anything but good; and she had read enough of it to be engrossed in the unlovely story. Yet, to show herself that she really meant to try to be what she intended her cousins to think she was, she sacrificed her novel, throwing it resolutely after its companions into the flames. It was the readings of such books as these that had done much to make her what she was—or, rather, as she said to herself,

what she had been, as though the bad effects of a book can be destroyed in a moment, as flames are able to destroy its pages. Now her beloved book was a whole burnt-offering, a pledge of her good resolutions for the future; and from the moment its last page had crumbled to embers, she declared to herself that she was, and would be, the *ingénue*,—the child emerging from the schoolroom into girlhood, with no more knowledge of the world than would have been possessed by Jim Freville's sister, if he had one of Morna's age. The past was past; she was determined to bury and forget it; and resolutely, eagerly, she faced the future.

But it was not long before Morna discovered that the reward she actually (though without acknowledging it) had set herself, in return for putting in practice this resolution of being good, was not to be hers so easily as she had hoped. Mrs. Langley's words about the probable fruits of propinquity had had more effect upon her than she cared to admit; and the remembrance of them added to the bitter sting of her disappointment when she discovered that, instead of being in the Guards and living at home, Jim Freville was the merest bird of passage. For the time being he was not even quartered in England. His regiment had been for a year at Gibraltar, and had nearly as long again to spend there. He had been at home some time on leave. Indeed, the Frevilles had returned to London from Ireland so that Jim's mother might see the very last of him before he left for Spain; and it was owing only to an unexpected extension of a fortnight that he was not starting on the very day of Morna's arrival in Cumberland Place.

But during that fortnight Morna made the most of her time. It was rather disappointing to find that Jim accepted without question his mother's estimate of her. To Mrs. Freville she was barely grown up, a schoolgirl, and from the first she was treated as an adopted daughter; and Jim, following indifferently, treated her

also like a child, or as he would have treated her had she really been his sister. Morna saw that he was a man who bothered himself but little about girls. He seemed to know very few, and his interests evidently were centred in his Irish home, in his regiment, and in his sports. These subjects were without the smallest interest to Morna Perrin. Her mother had made her actually dislike the mention of Killagaddy, and she knew little and cared less either about soldiering or about sports.

Jim, however, discovered none of this. Morna was too great an adept at acting her part to let any one guess what her real feelings were. Jim was glad that his mother would have a companion when he went away; and he was quite willing to take Morna at her own valuation,—influenced (though he did not know it) by her talent as a listener, as well as by her pretty face and attractive personality. Of her fascinating powers he remained as completely unconscious as he was of her real disposition; and had any one told him not only that she intended with all the force of a not-to-be despised mind, to be his wife, but that before the fortnight was up she loved him with all the intensity of her selfish, untamed nature, he would simply have disbelieved his informant, or thought him absolutely mad.

For Morna was clever enough to see that it was all important to the success of her scheme that Jim should for the present remain in this state of unconsciousness. Inwardly, she raged against the workings of Fate; and the very vehemence of her feelings made her fearful of a blunder that might make wreck of all. Had she cared less, she could have acted with much greater certainty. Outwardly, she had to keep up her attitude of innocent girlhood; saddened, of course, by her recent mourning, and so not anxious for any gaieties; grateful—though not too grateful—for all that was being done for her; daughterly to Mrs. Freville,—thoughtful of her, interested alike in her interests and those

of Jim, towards whom she maintained perforce a sisterly demeanor.

And so the days passed on—only a fortnight, during many hours of which she had not even seen Jim—until she had nothing left of him but the remembrance of his distinctly brotherly farewell, and his somewhat warmer thanks to her for what she had done—or, rather, what she would do for his mother whilst he was away. Her timidly made suggestion that from time to time she should give him news of Mrs. Freville was, unfortunately for her plans, made at a moment when it was possible for him to ignore it,—purposely or not she could not tell; and she dared not, in the face of his evident indifference, make a second offer. She certainly had never known a man who responded so little to her advances or paid so little attention to her at all.

Perhaps in the past she had troubled herself to please only those who were already seeking to find her favor; but now the fact of Jim's indifference set her mind with all the more determination upon him. Her only comfort was the fact that an absence of even ten months comes to an end in time; and plans were spoken of for weeks to be spent at Killagaddy,—just the three of them (so quickly had she taken her place as a member of the family), with a relay of brother officers to share Jim's sport. Even if other girls did come, she would be there altogether, outstaying them first and last. And in the country Jim would have much less to think of—or so she fancied—than here in London, and then propinquity would be sure to do its accustomed work.

Meanwhile all her powers must go to making herself indispensable to Mrs. Freville. Thus she would not only gain her influence when the time came for Jim to make his choice, but, through the months of absence, she would in this way be surely kept in his remembrance by frequent and flattering references to her in his mother's letters.

Incidents and Anniversaries.

BY THE REV. T. J. BRENNAN, S. T. L.

JULY 7.—To-day we recall the selection, in 1887, of Prince Ferdinand of Saxe-Coburg as King of Bulgaria. The Prince was a Catholic, and Bulgaria belongs to the Russian or "Orthodox" Church; and at that time the Russian Czar held a tight grip on everything, civil and religious, in Bulgaria. From the day of his arrival in his principality, Ferdinand realized that his continued tenure of its crown depended on the good will of the Russian autocrat. No means seemed so well adapted for the attainment of that good will as his perversion to the State Church of Bulgaria, which communicates with the "Orthodox" Russian Establishment; but it would appear that the audacity of the Coburger was not without limits.

In the beginning of 1896, however, it was rumored throughout Europe that Ferdinand, a Catholic Prince, had expressed a willingness to allow his elder son and heir to be confirmed and educated in the Greek Schism; and it was soon known that the child's mother, Princess Mary Louisa, daughter of the exiled Duke of Parma, had written to the Pope, asking whether she could not leave a husband who was practically a renegade, and at the same time save her son from the danger menacing him. The Pontiff's reply was that she should remain at her husband's side, and trust to God.

But suddenly Prince Ferdinand himself asked for an audience with his Holiness. Of course it was granted; and this presumably sane man, a person of education and of at least apparently Catholic convictions, brazenly requested the Head of the Church to grant him permission to hand over his two-year-old son to schismatics and heretics for a religious training. It is safe to say that no more sublime piece of effrontery was ever acted in the Vatican; and it is also safe to say that Leo XIII.

replied in terms befitting his office. What the pontifical words were, Ferdinand took care not to tell; but as soon as he returned to his capital he issued a manifesto to the Bulgarians, declaring:

"In pursuance of the promise given from the throne to the representatives of the nation, I have used every possible endeavor, and have striven with all my strength, to remove difficulties which oppose the attainment of the ardent desire of the entire nation that the heir-apparent should enter the fold of the National Church. After having fulfilled my duty in showing respect toward those with whom it rested to smooth away these difficulties, and after having seen the disappearance of my hopes, without finding, where I had expected, a wise comprehension of Bulgaria's needs, I have resolved, of my own initiative, and true to the oath given to my well-beloved people, to surmount all obstacles, and to lay on the altar of the Fatherland the greatest and heaviest of sacrifices. I therefore announce to all Bulgarians that on the 14th day of the present month, the Feast of the Purification, the rite of Holy Confirmation will be administered to the heir-apparent, Prince Boris, Prince of Tirnova, according to the usages of the National Orthodox Church."

July 8.—In the early Christian ages Ireland was often called Scotia, or the country of the Scots. Later on, about the sixth century, a colony of these Scots went over to Caledonia; and, settling there, that district also became known as Scotia,—Ireland being then called Scotia Major to distinguish it from the offshoot across the water. Finally, during the eleventh century, the mother country dropped the title Scotland and became known as Ireland. This fact has militated against the glory of Ireland, because whenever, in reading the early Medieval records, we find a saint or a scholar described as a Scot, we immediately conclude he came from Scotland, whereas the output of saints and scholars was then very limited in that country. A concrete instance of this kind

of pilfering was noticed by Archbishop Dixon, of Armagh, in a European trip during the year 1855:

"Our country does not get all the credit on the Continent which is due to it on this ground; and this arises from the circumstance that some, through mistake, confound the ancient Ireland, called Scotia, with the present Scotland; thus Dr. Stahl, the Bishop of Würzburg, in Bavaria, of whose See the apostle and founder was St. Kilian, an Irishman (whose feast we celebrate in Ireland on the 8th of July), told me that his diocese received the Faith from the Scotch; and when, on my return, I went to Fiesole to visit the shrine of our Irish St. Donatus, formerly Bishop of that See, I was told by the clergy there that, to distinguish him from another St. Donatus, they called him St. Donatus of Scotland, interpreting in this way San. Donato. Scoto."

Kilian is the patron saint of the diocese of Würzburg, and his feast is celebrated there with great solemnity. Donatus was a poet as well as a bishop, and has left us many specimens of his metrical talent.

July 9.—This day commemorates one of the many divorces of Henry VIII., the founder of the Protestant Church of England. That much-married and much-divorced monarch had been joined in lawful marriage with Catherine of Aragon; but, having developed a passion later on for Anne Boleyn, he had himself divorced from Catherine. Anne did not hold his affections very long, both he and she finding many others to respond to their advances; hence she was sent to the Block, and Jane Seymour took her place as spouse of the Reformer as Queen of England. Jane had the happiness of dying a natural death soon after; and Henry bethought himself of marrying again.

This time, however, he found, as kings often do, that he had to take politics into consideration in selecting a partner; so, much to his dislike, he found himself leading to the altar a lady of Protestant persuasions, and Protestant brothers and

sisters. This was Anne of Cleves. Anne was no beauty, and without that qualification it was very hard to please the fastidious Henry. The marriage took place on January 6, 1540. But it could not last. In a Court where there were so many fair damsels, it was hard for a plain-looking girl like Anne to retain the affections of the sprightly monarch. Accordingly, she was given to understand she might go home to her mother. And, as Henry did not want to remain a single man, a divorce was asked, and of course granted on July 9, 1540, just five months after the marriage. Anne lived to see two others succeed to her position. One of them, Catherine Howard, was beheaded; and the other, Catherine Parr, managed to outlive the monster. This Catherine herself was also given very much to matrimony, having been four times joined in wedlock.

July 10.—Cardinal Giovanni Dominici was one of those Medieval ecclesiastics who filled high offices in Church and State, and in both capacities always worked for spiritual ends. He realized, like all great statesmen, the importance of family life, and wrote an admirable book on the government of the family, which Pastor, in his "History of the Popes," thus summarizes:

"In treating of the bringing up of children, Dominici marks five points. Children are to be trained, 1st, for God; 2d, for their father and mother; 3d, for themselves; 4th, for their country; 5th, for the trials of life. The house should be adorned with pious pictures, in order that the love of virtue, the love of Christ, and the hatred of sin should be infused into the children's minds from the moment they begin to observe. The love of the saints will lead them to love the Saint of saints. The reading of Holy Scripture should be begun as soon as they are sufficiently prepared to understand it. In the education of boys, parents must endeavor to guard against the abuse of heathen writings. In matters of dress, children should be trained from their earliest youth to modesty

and decorum. 'Be careful with whom they associate; none of the things that God has confided to you are so precious in His sight as your children. Their souls are worth more in His eyes than heaven and earth and the whole of the irrational creation; and you do Him a greater service in bringing up your children well than if you possessed the whole world and gave all away to the poor. It will be hard for you to save your own soul if, in consequence of your neglect, the souls of your children should perish; on the other hand, if by your care you have secured their salvation, you may rest in peace as to your own.'"

Dominici's counsels as to how children should be trained to fulfil their duties towards their parents are equally admirable. They should be taught to be extremely respectful in addressing them. He specially insists upon three points. (1) When a parent corrects a child, the correction should be received with thanks. (2) Children should be silent in the presence of their parents. (3) When spoken to, they must answer with modesty. Honor must be shown to parents also in the use of temporal goods, and in demeanor. "In the presence of their parents, children should not sit down unless desired to do so; they must stand in a respectful attitude, humbly bow the head when any command is addressed to them, and uncover when they meet their parents." He lays great stress on a practice which, he says, will greatly conduce to the happiness of the household. Twice at least in the course of the day—at night before retiring to rest, and in the morning before going out—each child should humbly kneel down before one or other of the parents and beg a blessing.

"I should prefer," he adds, "that this should also be done on going out again after the midday meal. But for daughters and those who stay at home, the morning and evening will suffice. You, on your part, should give your blessing with great humility, willingly accepting this mark of

respect not as for yourself, but for the good of your children. When the child, kneeling, says *Benedicite*, you should give the blessing in whatever phrase appears to you to be most agreeable to God and suitable to the child who asks for it. As, for instance, 'May God bless thee with an everlasting blessing!' or 'May the grace of God be always with thee!' or 'May God replenish thee with His holy blessing in body and soul!' or 'May God give thee favor in His sight and in that of men!' or, finally, 'May God make thee perfect now and forever.' Thus you may vary the blessing according to circumstances. As the child rises after having received your blessing he should kiss the hand that has bestowed it; and then he may go forth with the firm conviction that nothing can happen to him that will not be for the good of his soul.

"But now look to yourself, and see that you show to your Father in heaven the same respect that your children are to show to you, and more especially in this matter of bending the knee. You should ask His blessing on your knees not only twice or thrice in the day, but whenever you change your occupation. Also make the Sign of the Cross with your finger on the ground, the table, the wall, whatever is nearest to you, and kiss it. Be careful never to utter anything in the shape of a curse or ban on your children, either in anger or in jest. Nor should you curse any creature or send him to the devil; for such curses from the lips of a father or mother may take effect, and in any case are hurtful."

This good man died July 10, 1490, and is already on the way to be canonized, having received the title of "Blessed."

July 11.—Probably within the next few years there will be added to the noble list of Irish martyrs for the Faith the name of Oliver Plunket, Archbishop of Armagh. His ministry among his people was cast in dark and evil days; but his spirit of self-sacrifice was equal to all; and, from a comfortable professorship in Rome, he

came to share with his people the hard lot which was theirs, and to cheer them with the graces and truths of their religion. Nevertheless, his enemies were determined to have his blood, and they succeeded.

"His stainless character, his blameless life, his zeal for religion, his efforts to promote virtue and correct abuses, were well known. He had been the friend of two successive viceroys, Lords Berkeley and Essex; even Ormond esteemed him, and never believed him guilty of any crime; he belonged to the old English, and was nearly related to Lords Louth and Dunsany, Roscommon and Fingal. He had these noblemen's attachment to England and to the reigning King. That he had preached and taught his people; that he had labored for their spiritual good in hunger and want, in poverty and cold, in the woods and on the hills; that he had held synods and had salutary decrees enacted; that he had inculcated temperance, and punished priests who were faithless to their calling,—all this was true. But in no other respect was he guilty; and in such esteem was he held that to the schools he set up many of the Protestants sent their children.

"Innocence, however, furnished him with no shield against injustice; and three of the clergy whom he had punished for their loose and disordered lives were found ready to accuse him. They swore he had agents abroad; that he had visited all the ports and forts of the kingdom; that he had invited over the French to dethrone the King and set up Catholicity; and that he had organized at home an army of 70,000. These charges were too grotesque to be believed; and, before an exclusively Protestant jury at Dundalk (in July, 1680), no credence was given to the witnesses, who were known to be drunkards and even Tories; indeed, it was felt that it was they and not Plunket who should be in the dock. But Shaftesbury and his party were determined to have his blood; and in the summer of 1681, Plunket was brought to London, and tried before a court of

partisan judges. Time was not given for his witnesses to arrive from Ireland; the perjuries of the witnesses discredited at Dundalk were accepted as facts; the accused was condemned, and on the 11th of July he was executed at Tyburn." (Dalton's "History of Ireland," v. ii, p. 382.)

July 12.—It is a common idea in England that all the evils of Ireland come from her religion: that if she would only become Protestant and curse the Pope, peace and prosperity would dawn on her. In fact, quite a number of English and Scotch people have devoted themselves to convincing the Irish of this fundamental truth. It is usually done by books, tracts, pamphlets, novels, and Protestant Bibles. Incidentally it is a paying profession; for the aforesaid books, tracts, pamphlets, etc., are bought up in large numbers by Protestant missionary societies, and scattered broadcast among the "stubborn Irish." That the Irish are not all Protestant is really very provoking, when we consider the zeal and the character of these self-chosen missionaries. We commemorate to-day the death (July 12, 1846) of one of them. She is a good specimen of her kind, and I give her life as recorded in Chambers' "Book of Days":

"It is quite possible to be an author and have one's books sold by thousands, and yet attain only a limited and sectional fame. Such was Mrs. Tonna's case. We remember overhearing a conversation between a young lady and a gentleman of almost encyclopædic information, in which a book by Charlotte Elizabeth was mentioned. 'Charlotte Elizabeth!' exclaimed he. 'Who is Charlotte Elizabeth?'—'Don't you know Charlotte Elizabeth,' rejoined she: 'the writer of so many very nice books?' She was amazed at his ignorance, and probably estimated his acquirements at a much lower rate afterwards.

"'Charlotte Elizabeth,' Miss Browne, Mrs. Phelan, finally Mrs. Tonna, was the daughter of the rector of St. Giles, Norwich, and was born in that city on October 1, 1790. As soon as she could read she became

an indiscriminate devourer of books; and, when yet a child, once read herself blind for a season. Her favorite volume was Fox's 'Books of Martyrs,' and its spirit may be said to have become her spirit. Shortly after her father's death, she entered into an unhappy marriage with one Captain Phelan, whose regiment she accompanied to Canada for three years. On her return, she settled on her husband's estate in Kilkenny; and, mingling with the peasantry, she came to the conclusion that all their miseries sprang from their religion. She thereupon began to write tracts and tales illustrative of that conviction, which attracted the notice and favor of the Orange party, with whom she cordially identified herself. As her writings became remunerative, her husband laid claim to the proceeds; and, to preserve them from sequestration, she assumed the name of 'Charlotte Elizabeth.'

"Her life was now a tale of unceasing literary activity. Having become totally deaf, her days were spent between her desk and her garden. In the editorship of magazines, and in a host of publications she advocated her religious and Protestant principles with a fervor which it would not be unjust to designate as (occasionally at least) fanatical. In 1837 Captain Phelan died; and in 1840 she formed a happier union with Mr. Tonna, which terminated with her death at Ramsgate on July 12, 1846. Mrs. Tonna had a handsome countenance; and, in its radiance of intelligence and kindness, a stranger would never imagine that he was in the presence of one whose religion and politics, theoretically, were those of the days of Elizabeth rather than of Victoria; and who was capable of saying in all earnestness, as she once did say to a young Protestant Irish lady of our acquaintance, on their being introduced to each other, 'Well, my dear, I hope you hate the Papists!'"

July 13.—This date recalls one of the infamous incidents perpetrated under the eyes, if not with the connivance, of the Italian Government. Pius IX. died Feb.

7, 1878. He had outlived the Temporal Sovereignty of the Popes; the flag of United Italy now waved over the Patrimony of Peter. To have witnessed that transition was surely a great sorrow; to respect and sympathize with him who had to bear the loss was the least that might be expected of the victors in the fight. Respect and sympathy, however, were foreign to the new rulers of Italy. Pius IX. was systematically persecuted during life; and even in death a respite was denied him. This latter statement is illustrated by the incident just referred to. We give it in the words of his successor, Leo XIII.:

"Pius IX., as you know, venerable brothers, gave instructions that he should be buried in the Basilica of San Lorenzo outside the walls. Wherefore, the time having come for the execution of his last will in this regard, the authorities charged with guarding the public peace were informed, and it was resolved to take the remains away from the Vatican Basilica in the silence of the night, at the time when all is wont to be most quiet. It was also determined that the funeral procession should be, not what the dignity of the pontifical rank required or was demanded by the ritual of the Church, but what the present state of the city permitted to be carried out.

"But, the tidings having spread all over the city, the Roman people, not forgetful of the benefits conferred by the great Pontiff, as well as his virtues, showed spontaneously that they intended to give a last testimony of their regard and love for their common parent. This surely was only a mark of gratitude and piety worthy of the Roman people's dignity and religious feeling; all the more so as they purposed doing nothing more than to follow the procession decorously, or to show themselves reverently and in large numbers wheresoever it passed.

"On the appointed day and hour the funeral train left the Vatican, amid a great multitude filling the square and the adjoining streets. There was a large body

of pious men around the funeral car; a still greater number followed it. These, reciting the prayers becoming the occasion, had no thought of uttering a word or a sound offensive to others, or calculated to incite in any way to disorder. But from the very beginning of the march a well-known band of bad men set about disturbing the performance of the solemn office by unseemly cries. Then, as their numbers and audacity increased, so they went on increasing in their efforts to create tumult and terror; they uttered the most atrocious blasphemies, hailed with hissing and insults the most respectable persons. The funeral cortege was hemmed in by crowds of angry men, whose looks and voices threatened them at every step, while again and again they attacked the procession with volleys of stones or with blows. Worse still, what no savages would have done, they did not even spare the remains of the holy Pope. They loaded his name with opprobrious epithets, again and again hurled showers of stones at the hearse, crying out repeatedly that the unburied body should be cast forth.

"This shameful scene lasted all through the long route, during the space of two hours. If the last extremity of outrage was not reached it is due to the self-restraint of those who, subjected to all kinds of violence and insult, preferred rather to bear everything patiently than to suffer that worse things should happen during the discharge of so sacred a duty.

"These facts, known to all and attested by the public records, can not be denied by those interested in doing so, all their efforts to the contrary notwithstanding. Spread abroad by public report, they have everywhere filled Catholic hearts with grief, and excited the spontaneous indignation of all men who still have a regard for the name of humanity. From all parts we daily receive letters expressing the execration of the writers for the foul shame of the deed and its atrocious savagery.

"But to ourselves above all others this serious and criminal outrage has been a

source of equal concern and anxiety. Our duty impels us to guard the dignity of the Pontificate and to defend the memory of our predecessors. We, therefore, in your presence, denounce and deplore this outrage, and cast the blame on those to whom it belongs, who failed to defend against the rage of impious men sacred rights of religion and the freedom of the citizens. From what has occurred the Catholic world can see how little security there is for us in Rome.

"It was, before, a matter of notoriety that our situation was for many reasons one of intolerable suffering; the facts which have just happened have made more evident still that, if the present condition of things be bad enough, what we have to expect in the future must be still worse.

"If the remains of Pius IX. could not be borne through the city without giving occasion to shameful disorders and violent rioting, who will guarantee that the same criminal violence would not break forth should we appear in the streets in a manner becoming our station,—especially if a pretext were taken from our having, as in duty bound, censured unjust laws passed in Rome, or any other notorious act of public wrongdoing? Wherefore it becomes more and more a thing well understood that we can now live in Rome only by remaining a prisoner shut up in the palace of the Vatican.

"Furthermore, if one only reads carefully the signs of the times, and remembers that the secret societies have conspired to destroy Catholicism, one can reasonably affirm that the enemy is maturing still more pernicious designs against the Church and the Sovereign Pontiff, as well as against the ancestral Faith of the Italian people."

(To be continued.)

SUCCESS is no Aladdin's palace that springs up in an hour. Success is a growth due, like all other growths, to soil and seed. And of this be sure: "Whatsoever seed a man sows, of that also shall he reap."

—Rev. Joseph Farrell.

My Offering.

BY LIONEL E. MERLIN.

ALMIGHTY God, Supreme Eternal King,
 Enthroned in glory 'mid the blessed throng
 Of saints and angel choirs that ever sing
 Thy praise! Look down on me, Thy child: frail
 thing
 Of earth, though fashioned after Thee, O Strong
 Almighty God, Supreme Eternal King!

To Thee, unworthy though I be, I bring
 My pledge of poverty. Amid the song
 That saints and angel choirs forever sing,
 I vow to wear, till death, the robe and ring
 Of virgin chastity; to Thee belong,
 Almighty God, Supreme Eternal King,

My will and life. O may the fountain-spring
 Of Jesus' Blood—whose praise let every tongue
 And saints and angel choirs forever sing—
 Make sweet my sacrifice! To Thee I cling,
 In hope that after death Thy saints among,
 Almighty God, Supreme Eternal King,
 With angel choirs I may forever sing.

"Tipperary."

BY MAGDALEN ROCK.

MRS. BARTON sighed gently; and the sigh was intended to express a variety of things,—patience, suffering and heroic fortitude among them.

"I try not to think so," she said in answer to the sympathy proffered by the vicar's wife over a well-sweetened cup of afternoon tea. "I try not even to think so; but the girl is really trying. She mopes, and it gets on my nerves."

Mrs. Clarke made an inarticulate murmur. Her homemade scones from pre-war flour were very good indeed, and her visitor's appearance suggested attention to diet.

"And in war time, too," Mrs. Clarke managed to say a moment later, "when everyone should save as much as possible. Did the child's father not provide for her in any way?"

Mrs. Barton shook her head in a manner condemnatory of the late Mr. Fitzpatrick.

"No, indeed! That is the worst of it. I can't understand how a sister of my poor husband came to marry him." Mrs. Barton wiped her eyes with a flimsy bit of lace.

"He was a Catholic?" the vicar's lady queried.

"Yes, a Catholic." Mrs. Barton pronounced the last word with a shudder. "Poor Janet was a governess in Buenos Ayres when she met her future husband. The climate perhaps had affected her brain; for she herself became a Catholic before her unfortunate marriage."

"Was Mr. Fitzpatrick always poor?" Mrs. Clarke asked. She had finished her second cup of tea, and was eager for information.

"Oh, dear, no! He had a—a—" (Mrs. Barton paused for a word and could not find it),—"a farm in Argentina."

"You mean an *estancia*," Mrs. Clarke corrected. As a vicar's wife she was used to correcting.

"I forgot the word. Yes, an *estancia*; and then he went security for some one who defaulted."

"A most reprehensible thing to do."

"Yes, and then passed the girl Brigid on to poor Tom." Mrs. Barton's bit of lace was again requisitioned. "Poor Tom was dead when Brigid arrived."

"Brigid! What a common name!"

"I wanted to call her Bee, but she would not answer to it. It is such a nuisance to have a girl of that age in the house."

"Fourteen, isn't it?"

"Almost fourteen."

"It really is a great trial," admitted the vicar's wife.

Mrs. Barton sighed again, then added: "Yes; Gladys said this morning that we really must get rid of the big dog Brigid has with her. We can't possibly keep him."

"Of course not! It would be positively sinful! Your daughter is quite right, Mrs. Barton. The great brute must eat a

Proverbs of the Orient.

THOUGH most of them are not often heard elsewhere, the following proverbs are constantly quoted in the East:

To-day's eggs are better than to-morrow's fowls.

Do good and cast it into the sea; if the sea does not recognize it, the Creator will be sure to do so.

A little hill in a low place thinks itself a mountain.

With two commanders the ship is in danger of sinking.

The tongue proclaims the man.

Death is a black camel which kneels at everybody's door.

He who spits at the wind spits in his own face.

Eat and drink with a friend, but do not trade with him.

The arrow which has been cast does not come back.

He who does not learn how to serve will never know how to act as master.

God builds the nest of the blind bird.

Without trouble one eats no honey.

Patience is the key to joy.

One who demands a faultless friend will remain friendless.

A live fox is better than a dead lion.

A wife makes or breaks a house.

The wolf changes his coat but he does not change his nature.

Give up your head, if you must, but not your secret.

He who tells the truth is turned out of nine cities.

The eye is a window which looks into the heart.

A faithful friend may be better than near relations.

The safest place for a secret is the ear of a dead camel.

A good wife and dutiful children are the poor man's treasure—better than gold and pearls.

If you must always tell the truth, keep one foot in the stirrup.

Creed and Conduct.

"CAN theirs be the true religion? How can they act as they do if they really believe what they profess?" Perfectly natural questions, after all; and, though seldom expressed, they are constantly being asked mentally by outsiders, so many of whom feel drawn to the Church by the sublimity of its doctrines but repelled by the unworthiness of its members. This form of scandal should be fully realized and dreaded.

The great obstacle to the spread of Christianity has ever been in Christians themselves, who contradict their creed by their conduct. The duty of defending the Faith is recognized by everyone, but not all apprehend the obligation of illustrating it by a blameless life. The highest service to our holy religion is fidelity to its teachings. There was never a time of such responsibility as now upon each individual Christian for right living. Scandal from any quarter is most deplorable. For the spread of the Gospel there is less need than ever of miracles, and greater need than ever of good example, which it is in everyone's power to afford.

As an illustration of how people are always impressed by a genuine act of religion, we may relate a little incident which once came under our notice. A prosperous-looking gentleman of middle age was standing at the main entrance of a large building where a number of persons were congregated, others passing by. It was the noon hour and the bells of a church in the vicinity rang out the Angelus. Without a moment's hesitation, and evidently with no thought of how his action might be viewed, he turned aside and recited the usual prayers. The act was so spontaneous and was performed with so much devotion that no one who noticed it could have failed to be impressed; and some of the observers may have felt rebuked when they learned afterward that the gentleman was an Anglican.

Notes and Remarks.

How strange it is that outsiders who are laboring so zealously to promote Christian unity can not realize that it is impossible for the Church, being "the pillar and ground of Truth," to repudiate its starting point or to yield any one of its first principles! The utter uselessness of any efforts towards a reunion of Christendom without submission to the authority of the Head of the Church was felt by the Protestants of England as far back as 1640. When the House of Commons sent a message to the Lords on "the increase of Popery," the speaker of the House, recognizing the unchangeable character of Catholic truth, deprecated any movement to promote union with Rome, saying: "We can not meet unless we come wholly to him [the Pope]. A man standing in a boat tied to a rock, when he draws the rope doth not draw the rock to the boat, but the boat to the rock."

It is for the promoters of Christian Unity to fasten their ropes to the rock and pull. All attempts to "draw the rock" to their little boats are vain.

It is the conviction of Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, president of Columbia University, that our own country, as well as France and England, can never be the same as it was before the war. "There is a new United States beginning to be born," he declares; and he exhorts us to bestir ourselves, to prepare for new duties and trials, and to do all in our power to lay the lasting foundations of a better social and political world. The best minds in all countries are convinced that their fate and future are being determined by the gigantic struggle now in progress; and everyone that loves justice and seeks righteousness is hopeful that when bloodshed and destruction have ceased, and life and well-being have been made secure, there will be such an era of peace as the world has never known. This aspiration after higher things is the most consoling

sign of the times. A new faith in humanity and its future has been begotten, and it will spread and strengthen.

That there will never be another world-war is an easy prediction; and one must be a pessimist indeed to hold that no new method of settling disputes will ever be adopted by civilized nations. All rulers must realize the excessive costliness of war, and the danger to national existence as a result of its long continuance, and recognize the possibility of its avoidance in future. And if they did not, their subjects are to be reckoned with. The common people, as they are called, have already endured the sufferings of war long enough to desiderate the blessings of peace; and future generations will demand that national energy and valor be expended in a warfare against poverty and ignorance, crime and disease.

As the weeks roll on and the country's resources are being utilized to the utmost in the prosecution of the war, it is becoming increasingly difficult for the anti-Catholic American bigot to propagate with any chance of success the obsolete lie that Catholicism is a menace to the welfare of the Republic, or that individual Catholics give to their country only a divided allegiance. The public and private utterances of our hierarchy and of our most representative laymen; the activities of the Knights of Columbus and other Catholic associations of men and women; and, more particularly, the authentic records, in black and white, of the percentage of Catholics in both Army and Navy,—these constitute an unassailable refutation of any charge of disloyalty or disaffection on the part of the members of the Church. That the proportion of Catholics among our soldiers and sailors is considerably greater than the proportion of Catholic citizens in the whole population of the country is recognized at present by all save those who shut their eyes to palpable facts; and a non-Catholic officer has recently accounted for what he

declared repeatedly to be a fact—that sixty per cent of the American Expeditionary Forces are Catholics. The Catholic boys, he says, were the first to enlist and be prepared for the Front; and among recruits who were found clean and strong and fit for the service of their country, the highest percentage was discovered among the Catholics. A brother officer is quoted as saying that if he had only one Catholic in his regiment he would ask for a Catholic chaplain, "because that one man, if he were dying, would make more fuss to get a priest than all the rest of the regiment would make to secure chaplains of their respective denominations." All of which makes reading as gratifying to us as it must be exasperating to maligners of the Church and her children.

In the course of a letter to the editor of the *Catholic Union and Times*, the General Director of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith in this country writes: "As you say, 'the prodigality of our Protestant friends ought to shame the avarice of most of our wealthy Catholics.' You might have said of *all* our wealthy Catholics. I have occupied my present position for nearly twenty years, and I have never received a respectable donation from any of them, despite my repeated appeals. I have ceased to send them, as it is waste of time and postage. All the alms we collect in this country come from persons in ordinary circumstances,—I might say from poor people. . . ."

While it is doubtless true that the poor, or at least the non-wealthy, Catholics of the country are the chief supporters of the Church's works and her pastors, and while it is probable that the great majority of our wealthy coreligionists are unduly indifferent to the needs of Catholic Missions—Home and Foreign,—it is only fair to state that there are among them a good number of generous exceptions. In our personal experience of more than four decades we have repeatedly received from wealthy friends of THE AVE MARIA

good sized contributions to various necessitous Foreign Missions. By far the larger amount of what is given in charity by well-to-do Catholics is given in secret. Quite by accident, we learned of a gift of \$20,000 to some Sisters for whom we had made an appeal; and of the erection of a church and hospital in China by one of our readers in New York. We are informed that the existence of a beautiful church in Canada is due to the reading of the first story by Christian Reid which THE AVE MARIA had the privilege of publishing. Instances of this kind might be multiplied. We are indeed sorry that the experience of the writer whom we have quoted has been so different from ours.

Prof. Canby, of Yale University, is of opinion that "the Irish will take from us the criticism and enlightenment that they undoubtedly need. They trust America." We are not so sure about this. The Irish have had criticism enough already from every quarter, and they require no enlightenment from any outside source as to the prospects of Irish national existence. They know that their opportunity has come. The cry "Trust America" finds no general echo in Ireland, whose motto is "Sinn Fein," which means self-reliance, "trust ourselves." Prof. Canby can not have read the stirring letter of Bishop Hallinan of Limerick excusing himself from being present at a public demonstration in favor of the Sinn Fein movement, in which he says: "Trust yourselves, my friends. Trust the legality of your methods. Trust the guiding hand of the living Providence that is watching over the destiny of this dear land of ours. Do not trust secret societies. Do not trust armed rebellion. That way leads to disaster and ruin. Stand erect; close your ranks; keep your backs to the wall; shout from the platform; shout through the Press; let your cry be heard to the ends of the earth, so that when the Peace Conference is held all who take part in it may know that amongst the little nations to which

the principle of self-determination is to be applied the oldest and the most legitimate in its title, the most urgent in its claim, is Ireland."

Any criticism or enlightenment that the Irish may need will be forthcoming from their bishops. From most other sources it will be viewed with natural suspicion. The suggestion that America should undertake to educate the Irish in international far-sightedness, however well meant, is hardly less than an insult.

Some idea of what is referred to at the Front as the "Curtain," through which soldiers are called upon to dash while a battle is in progress, also of the deadly and demoralizing effect of high-explosive shells, may be gained from the chapter entitled "Courage and the Curtain" in Chaplain Tiplady's book, "The Cross at the Front." A veritable inferno of fire is the "Curtain," and getting through it demands desperate valor and extraordinary strength of nerve. Messages from headquarters to officers in the trenches are sometimes duplicated and even triplicated in order to ensure their delivery; while bomb-carriers and stretcher-bearers (the latter of whom do their work at night), if not killed or wounded, are apt to become utterly demoralized. Mr. Tiplady says: "A doctor who had been decorated with the M. C. told me that when he called on a stretcher-bearer to follow him into 'No Man's Land,' the young fellow fainted away. He called on another, and he also fainted. They were of no use, and he had to call on others. The stretcher-bearers are noted for their courage, but the curtain of fire which had hung all day over 'No Man's Land' had left little strength for the duties of the evening."

In reference to the terrific shell-fire during the fighting on the Somme, the Methodist "padre" writes:

In the old wars soldiers grew accustomed to the whizzing of bullets or the rush of cannonballs, and the nerves of veterans were scarcely impaired. But no one can get used to the shell-

fire of modern war. Shells are as terrifying to veterans as to newcomers. High explosives have a power to frighten such as is possessed neither by rifles nor machine-guns. The shell rushes at you with a piercing scream, but so swiftly that it can not be seen. It bursts with a horrible crash, scoops out a deep crater, and scatters the soil and its own fragments far and wide. A thick cloud of green, white, or black smoke rises above it, and fills the air with the smell of powder. I have seen a grave in which were buried the twenty-six victims of a single shell. Even when no one is hit, the shell carries dismay to those near enough to see it burst; for no one knows where the next will fall. The average dug-out is no protection against a direct hit, and in deep dug-outs there is danger of being buried alive. . . .

You can not kill or wound a whole army, but you can frighten one, and when it is sufficiently frightened it either runs or surrenders. The aim of battle, therefore, is to frighten the enemy, and for this purpose there is nothing to equal high-explosive shells. Mere shell-shock incapacitates men; sometimes it even carries death. . . . Men can not listen to and see bursting shells month after month without the exhaustion of their nervous force. The bravest of the brave will become timid, and the veteran will be more affected than the newcomer. When men are called upon to dash over a stretch of ground upon which the enemy is concentrating all his guns, so as to form a veritable curtain of fire, they must be more than brave: they must be fresh.

The wonder is, not that men who survive such ordeals should lose all strength of nerve, but that they should ever recover any portion of it.

Some remarkable incidents in the life of the late Monsignor Wise, of the diocese of Natchez, Miss., are related by the Rev. Fr. Downing, pastor of Biloxi, in the same State, in an article appearing in a recent issue of the New Orleans *Morning Star*. At one time nearly all of the northern part of Mississippi was under the spiritual care of Monsignor Wise; and for days in succession he used to "live in the saddle," while visiting his scattered flock. All sorts of hardships fell to his lot; but perhaps the greatest of his trials was the bigotry which he everywhere encountered, and of which he was not unfrequently the victim. In spite of this, however, he made numerous converts. A man of giant-like

physique, as gentle, generous, and kind-hearted as he was brave, some of his bitterest enemies became his most devoted friends, declaring that there was no resisting one who never cherished ill-feeling and never resented injuries. To a man who had once attempted to shoot him, Monsignor Wise sent the laconic request 'not to fire in his direction again.' Years afterward the would-be assassin gave him a handsome donation for a church he was building. At the peril of his life, he once faced an excited mob at Yazoo City, and thus prevented wholesale murder. On another occasion, by a clever ruse, he dispersed a body of lynchers.

Perhaps the most remarkable fact related of Monsignor Wise was his preparation for death. We give the story in the words of Fr. Downing: 'A few days before the summons came, while still in good health, he called the sacristan and quietly proceeded to arrange for his funeral. He ordered his best set of purple vestments carefully laid aside, saying he was afraid he would be buried in them; and had an old set taken out. He then selected a chalice and alb, almost one hundred years old, that had been used by his uncle, a priest in Maryland; and got ready all the other articles to be used "in a few days" for his burial.'

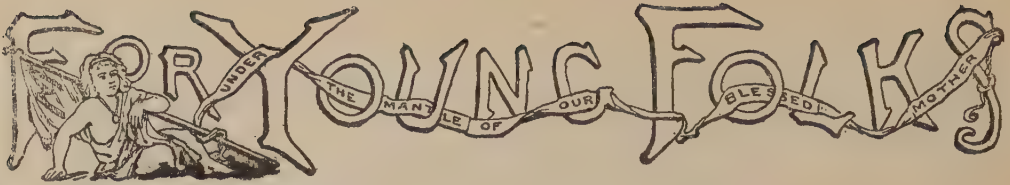
Among all the diverse explanations given for the origin and the continuance of the present war, religion has been conspicuously absent. In good sooth, to style it a religious war, in the sense in which that phrase is used in history, would be little less than absurd, since Catholics and non-Catholics are to be found in large proportions among each of the opposing hosts. Yet there is a sense in which the mighty conflict which is dwarfing every previous struggle recorded in history is, in very truth, a religious war. Mr. Michael Williams discusses the matter thus in *America*:

For surely it is now obvious even to the most rudimentary intelligence that the Great War is

not merely a political war nor a racial war nor an industrial or commercial war; nor is it only a war between the two opposing principles of autocracy and democracy. Of course, it is partly political, partly commercial, partly racial, partly a struggle of two opposing philosophies; but we now know, even those of us who at first were blind, that, fundamentally, the war is the outward expression of the world-old struggle going on in the soul of man between the spiritual forces of good and evil. Predominantly, the war is religious, in the sense that through this vast catastrophe men and women are being forced to the feet of God. 'The greater part of the world had turned away from God; therefore, the war, or some equally great disaster, was bound to come; and now, upon the issue of the war, upon its spiritual issue, depends the future of mankind. Before us all is the question: What of Christ?'

Orangeism and its inseparable concomitant, anti-Catholic fanaticism, have again been making themselves a pernicious nuisance over in Canada. There is a Jesuit novitiate at Guelph, in the most Orange of all Canadian provinces, Ontario. As the Jesuits are not particularly deficient in common-sense, it goes without saying that the master of novices accepted no applicants who were subject to the Canadian Military Act or to any regulations of the Federal Government. As a matter of fact, representatives of the Government had visited the novitiate, made inquiries, and found everything satisfactory. This, however, would not suffice for the doughty Presbyterian and Methodist patriots of Guelph; and, accordingly, they engineered a raid upon the institution by the Dominion police. The raid was nothing more or less than an outrage, a truth borne out by the facts that the captain of the force who allowed himself to be made a cat's-paw of the Orange bigots has been punished, and the Government has apologized.

Numerous other apologies are in order from sectarian editors and ministers in the United States, and now would be the right time to demand them. Our Government, for obvious reasons, was never more disposed to check anti-Catholic activities than it is just at present.



When God Helps, All Goes Well.

II.—SOLDIERS! SOLDIERS!

“**F**ATHER, grandfather, the soldiers are coming! Thousands of them! Cavalry, cannons, powder wagons, and grenadiers!” thus exclaimed Fritz Arnold one day, as he came rushing into the house after forenoon school. Then, throwing off his satchel, he prepared to run away again, but his father’s voice stopped him.

“Where are you going, Fritz?”

“Into the town, father, to see the soldiers. They are only half a league from the gate. The tollman told me so.”

But Fritz’s father forbade him to go out of the house without his permission, which caused the former to make a wry face, and plead that there was a great number of boys out.

“That is another thing,” answered the miller. “The house is the place for children in unsettled times. Besides, who knows whether the report be true? I have heard nothing about the army being so near at hand, although war is declared between the King and Napoleon.”

“We can soon convince ourselves as to the truth of the report,” said the grandfather. “Come, Fritz, we will ascend the old tower, and take the telescope with us. If the soldiers are as near as you say, we shall be able to see them.”

“Yes, come along,” replied the father.

All three accordingly went to the northern lookout of the tower. It was a beautiful September day, and the old man had no sooner placed his eye to the glass than he made an exclamation of surprise.

“It is true! In the neighborhood of Lindenau, there is no end of soldiers; they are just beginning to march toward the city. We shall have them near us, Andreas. Look yourself!”

His son looked and then went away, observing that they would have between twenty and thirty men quartered upon them, as the whole Prussian army seemed to be on the march.

“If it is not the whole army,” said the grandfather, who continued to observe the soldiers through the glass, “it is a very strong division of it. The road, as far as the eye can see, is perfectly alive with soldiers of all arms. But they march in good order, so that there will be no danger in seeing them a little nearer. Will you go with me into the town, Fritz? I mean, of course, if your father will give his consent.”

His father made no objections, and in a few minutes Fritz and his grandfather were proceeding hand in hand toward the city. The vanguard of the army was just entering the market-place as they arrived, and before long the great square was crowded with troops. Fritz and the old man watched the soldiers from a doorstep.

“What a fine sight, grandfather!” exclaimed Fritz, with merry, sparkling eyes. “They’re something like soldiers! If Napoleon’s troops come, they will dust their jackets for them.”

“Yes, yes; when God helps, all goes well!” replied the old man, meditatively, while a shade of anxiety darkened his brow. “May Heaven give the victory to the arms of our King! But the fortunes of war are variable, and Napoleon is a great general.”

“Do you fear that soldiers like these will let themselves be beaten?”

But the grandfather gave no answer to this speech. His mind was occupied with thoughts beyond the grasp of Fritz. He saw much that gave him a troubled look, and caused him to shake his head. At length he said:

“The army seems to drag a great deal

of unnecessary and superfluous baggage with it. It was different in Old Fritz's time" (meaning the time of Frederick the Great). "If we were to lose a battle, it would go ill with all this baggage train."

"You are right, sir," said an old gray-headed subaltern officer, with a long, white beard. "If Old Fritz were still living, he would soon clear out the whole thing. I served under him in the Seven Years' War, and so know how things were managed. But—other times, other customs."

Before the grandfather could answer, a quarter-master's assistant made his appearance, and gave the old officer a paper. He immediately handed it to the old man, saying:

"Please read it for me: my eyes are no longer equal to making out this scribble."

"Subaltern Wallbrecher, with twenty-five men in the mill," read the old man. "That is good," he continued. "Come along with your men. My son is the miller, and will receive you kindly."

Without more ado, they immediately started off, and, after considerable pushing and squeezing, made their way through the gate. Everything was prepared for their reception at the mill. The private soldiers were conducted into the servants' hall, and served with an abundance of food; but Fritz led the officer into the sitting-room disburdened him of his arms, placed a comfortable armchair for him, and quickly set a lunch on the table before him.

"Come," said the officer, after he had refreshed himself with the food and drink, "you appear to be a chip of the old block, since you treat a soldier with such respect. We must become good friends. Here is my hand!"

Fritz grasped the proffered hand, and the friendship was struck. The regiment to which Subaltern Wallbrecher belonged remained several days in the town, so that Fritz had abundant opportunities of enjoying the company and conversation of his new friend. His grandfather, too, was fond of hearing him relate his experiences,

especially those relating to his campaigns under Frederick the Great.

"If Old Fritz were still living," he said one day, when Wallbrecher had been speaking about the battle of Rossbach, "and were now at the head of the army, we might look forward into the future with confidence. But, according to what I have seen, there is little hope to be placed in our army."

"It can hardly be so bad as you make it out, sir," replied Wallbrecher. "The former discipline is still there, although perhaps not the former spirit. We must wait and trust in God's assistance; for when He helps, all goes well."

"That is a good adage," replied the grandfather, moved. "'When God helps, all goes well.' Only it is necessary to begin in a proper manner, which, I fear, is not the case on our side. I see much haughtiness, but little discretion; I hear much boasting, but nothing of any resolute deed. That is not calculated to increase one's confidence in a good issue."

The officer shrugged his shoulders. The following day the order came to march, and in a few hours the city was as quiet as before the soldiers arrived. The business of the city now took its wonted course, and Fritz had once more to throw his satchel over his shoulders and trudge to school as before the quartering, when all schooling was naturally suspended.

A time of dull, weary waiting followed the departure of the soldiers; for there were few, if any, of the citizens who did not pray and *fear* for their King. The grandfather especially was full of care. Day after day he went into the city to learn the news; but he heard nothing certain, only rumors; now it was of a great battle in which Napoleon's troops had been put to flight, now directly the opposite.

"There is something dreadful in store for us," he said one evening to his son. "I have a fearful foreboding of evil."

"If God helps, all will go well," replied the miller, who did not share the anxieties of his father.

"Yes, but God does not help those who

are full of pride and vanity. You will see, Andreas, that we shall have sorrowful times."

"Well, father, supposing that be the case, and your worst forebodings come to pass, God nevertheless still lives, and, to repeat your own saying, 'When He helps, all goes well.'"

The old man was obliged to acknowledge that his son was right; yet he could not silence his fears. At length it appeared as if the state of uncertainty was ended. The report was spread that a great battle had been fought, and that the enemy had been put to flight, and Napoleon taken prisoner. The town was in a state of the wildest rejoicing. The old grandfather, however, still shook his head, and was not convinced until he had received a circumstantial account as to the source of the news from the postmaster, who said that a courier had arrived from the field of battle, on his way to Berlin, with the news of the victory. He now returned to the mill with the joyful intelligence. Preparations were made in the city for an illumination, and toward night the old man got ready to go and see it, when suddenly a commotion was heard in the courtyard—the sound of voices and the clashing of arms. For a moment every one looked at each other in astonishment; then, seizing a candle, the grandfather went to the window and looked out.

"The enemy!" he exclaimed; and before he had well uttered the words, a couple of shots came smashing through the window, scattering the glass on every side, but fortunately hurting no one. Then the door was burst open, and two wild-looking soldiers entered the room.

"Have you rascals no ears?" exclaimed one of them in French. "Open the doors for us immediately, and bring us wine, bread and meat—quick, or we will kill everyone of you! Do you not know we are quartered here?"

The grandfather knew enough French to understand this stern speech, so he quietly remarked:

"Have patience, sir, and you shall have

all you need. But will you please show me your authority for demanding quarter here?"

"We have nothing to do with such things," curtly answered the intruder; "so you had better prepare our quarters, and bring us something to eat, if you do not wish us to use force."

The soldiers, without further words, were conducted to the servants' hall and served with food and drink. The sergeant, however, who had been the chief spokesman, and called himself Leoville, demanded to be better entertained than his men, and therefore took supper with the family. He appeared to be particularly satisfied with the fare; and after having partaken pretty freely, especially of the wine, he became communicative, and dropped a hint that a contribution would not materially diminish the apparent wealth of the house. The old man pretended not to hear this remark, but took the first opportunity of telling his son to put all his cash and other valuables in a safe place. The sergeant then began to boast of his deeds of heroism in the late battles, and to talk scornfully of the manner in which the enemy had been put to flight. And the inhabitants of the mill learned, to their horror, that their enemy had been defeated in three battles—at Saalfeld, Jena, Auerstädt, and that the Duke of Brunswick and Prince Louis were both dead.

During this conversation, Fritz, who could understand a little of it, had withdrawn into the window recess. Sitting there, he had fallen into a brown study, when he was startled by a light tapping on the window. Turning quickly round, he saw a pale, anxious face, with white, disordered hair and beard, close to the window. The finger of one hand was placed on his lip, in token of silence, while with the other hand he beckoned to Fritz. He trembled from head to foot; for although the face remained but a moment, and then vanished in the surrounding darkness, he had had time enough to recognize the features of his old friend, Wallbrecher.

Fritz quickly made up his mind what to do. He got up from his seat, walked across the room without attracting the attention of the sergeant or any of the others, took the key of the old tower off the nail, and left the room. The next moment he was in the arms of his friend, who pressed him affectionately to his heart.

(To be continued.)

Melanie's Godmother.

BY SYLVIA HUNTING.

THROUGH the long watches of the night Melanie sat beside her mother's bed crying softly to herself and praying, bead after bead of her little Rosary dropping slowly through the thin white fingers. She was only twelve years old, but her short life had been full of sorrow and privation since the death of the loved husband and father five years before. He had been a music teacher, as was her mother also; and, cast as they were waifs and strays on a large city, it had been difficult to make both ends meet. And now the wolf was indeed at the door; for Mrs. Lasance had fallen ill during the summer while most of her music pupils were absent from town, and autumn had not restored her health.

No more school for Melanie, no pleasant walks to and from the convent morning and evening with her mother. She was needed at home to tidy the little room, and carry water and scanty provisions up the three long flights of stairs in the tenement, where they lived, because of its cheap rent, in a tiny room sandwiched between the household of a drunken tailor and an honest Irish widow, who washed and scrubbed for her living.

That day the doctor had said that the fever must be broken. He had feared it might be typhoid fever; and, though Melanie did not know the meaning of the word, she knew by the serious look on his face that it was of a kind to be conquered speedily, if possible.

"Do you think, my little girl," he said in the passageway, whither she had followed him in obedience to an uplifted finger unseen by her sick mother—"do you think, little girl, that you could stay awake all night to give your mother her medicine?"

"O doctor, I know I could! I often do—or nearly all night—thinking."

There was something pathetic in the sound of the childish voice and the expression of the uplifted face; and the kind-hearted doctor concealed his emotion with a cough as he answered:

"Well, my dear, to-night you must act as well as think. I will leave some powders for your mother, which you must give her every two hours; and also a syrup for her cough, which you will administer whenever she has a spell."

"Yes, doctor; I will be very careful to do as you tell me," said Melanie.

And so her vigil began. Poor Mrs. Farley, the tailor's wife, had run in to whisper that she would like to sit up with her, but dared not, for fear her husband might come home drunk and make a fuss; and kind Mrs. Mullen, the washerwoman, had almost insisted on keeping her company for the night. But Melanie thanked them both, and said she did not mind being alone with mamma. To tell the truth, she preferred it; for all would be quiet,—there would be no talking to disturb her mother, and she could pray to Our Lady through the long hours, and say her beads a good many times. And then, if she wanted to cry—as most likely she should—there would be no one there to see.

Mrs. Lasance lay in a sort of stupor nearly all the time, taking the powders mechanically, a bright red spot being visible on either cheek. She did not cough as much as usual; Melanie thought it must be the medicine, and felt very grateful to the doctor. She was glad to see that the fever seemed to be breaking, although once or twice in the night her mother had called out as if in delirium: "Ah, Madame la Rouge, why have you forgotten my little Melanie?" The child had never heard of Madame la

Rouge, and imagined it must be some delusion of her mother's fevered brain, but resolved at the same time to ask her at the first favorable opportunity.

So the night passed, and at the first dawn of morning the sick woman slowly opened her eyes.

"Bring me a drink, dear, from the sulphur spring," she said; "I would so like some of the cold water." Then, fully awaking, she added: "Ah, Melanie, I have been rambling in my thoughts all night, and fancied myself miles and miles away from here. A drink of water, dear, will be very refreshing now. I feel better this morning, thank God."

"Wait, mamma," said the child. "This water has been standing so long. Let me slip down to the yard and bring you a fresh, cool drink."

Without waiting for an answer she ran down stairs, and soon returned with a pitcher of water, which her mother drank eagerly.

"My dear child," she said, looking around, seeing the taper burning and Melanie fully dressed, "have you been sitting up all night? Why?"

"Yes, mamma," replied the child, explaining what the doctor had said. "But the fever seems to be gone now; the powders are gone too. And, O mamma, you look so much better!"

Then she gave a great sob, and, lying down beside her sick mother, nestled close to her bosom. They fell asleep in each other's arms, and the sun was shining brightly through the window when Melanie once more awoke, and hastened to go about her daily tasks, leaving her mother still sleeping quietly, the fever gone from her cheeks, and the look of pain from her thin, worn face.

The doctor was pleased when he came, complimenting Melanie on her excellent nursing, and telling Mrs. Lasance that good care and plenty of nourishment were all she needed now to set her on the high road to complete recovery.

After he had gone again, as she sat

propped up with pillows and nibbled at her scanty breakfast of toast and tea, she said:

"Dear child, I feel sure I would soon be well now if it were not for this constant anxiety about the future."

"God and Our Lady will provide, you know you always tell me, mamma," answered Melanie. "We have still fifteen dollars left, and the rent is paid for this month. You can have some nourishing food; for Mrs. Mullen told me last evening that the lady she works for will sell her two fresh eggs for five cents, which is not bad at this season when eggs are dear, and not generally fresh. You know, mamma, there is meat and drink in an egg."

Mrs. Lasance smiled as she said, "Melanie, once in a while you remind me of your godmother, you have such a quaint, old-fashioned way of putting things."

"Who is my godmother, mamma, and where does she live?" asked Melanie, eagerly. "Perhaps she might help us a little till you are better, if she knew."

"Her name is, or was, Madame la Rouge," replied Mrs. Lasance. "She can not be living, or I am certain she would not have forgotten us; for she loved you very dearly."

"Mamma, you were talking to her in your dreams last night," said Melanie; "and I meant to ask you to-day who she was. Do tell me about her, and how it is that we never see or hear from her."

"My mind was troubled last night," replied her mother, "and I thought of many things. I remember dreaming that I was rambling in the woods at home near the sulphur spring, and thinking that a draught of the delicious water would relieve my burning thirst."

"Yes, mamma," said Melanie; "that was just before you waked this morning. But will it tire you to tell me about my godmother?"

"There is not much to tell," answered her mother. "Your father and I came as strangers to Detroit a short time before your birth. Father V——, a good Jesuit and an old school friend of your father's

recommended us to take lodgings with Madame la Rouge, a French widow in comfortable circumstances, who, finding her house too large for her needs, let a few rooms to respectable people for light housekeeping. We were fortunate in securing a residence with her, for she proved to be kindness itself. You were born there, Melanie; Madame la Rouge held you at the baptismal font, giving you her name, and during the eighteen months we spent under her roof she was to all of us like a real mother. When your father got a position as organist in a large church in Chicago, we left our kind friend with regret, and she shed many tears at our departure. We wrote her as soon as we were fairly settled in our new home; and, receiving no reply, we again wrote at intervals, until after the lapse of a year we reluctantly concluded that she must have either died or forgotten us,—though it was scarcely possible to think that the latter was the case. And that is all there is to tell; we heard of her no more."

"But, mamma," said Melanie, "I should have written to some one else to ask if she was really dead. There must have been some friends or acquaintances who would have answered."

"There was no one, my dear," said her mother. "Father V—— had been removed during our stay in Detroit, and we had made no friends there except Madame la Rouge."

Melanie saw that her mother was talking too much for her strength, and thoughtfully said no more. Mrs. Lasance leaned back on her pillows and was soon asleep. Melanie closed the curtains, and, taking her little white Rosary from her pocket, began to say her beads most fervently, while her shining eyes, ever and anon uplifted to the picture of Our Lady above the mantel, were now filled with tears, now with a glowing light, that told of hope and faith and resolution.

Her Rosary finished, she stole on tiptoe to her mother's bed. Then she went out, softly closing the door. At the head of the

stairway there was a small closet, containing a trunk in which were some writing materials. Melanie opened the trunk, took out a small portfolio, lit a candle, which she placed on the trunk, and seated on the floor beside it, proceeded to write the following letter:

DEAR GODMOTHER:—If you are still living—and I feel that you are,—I am Melanie Lasance, your little namesake, whom you loved when I was a baby; I think you must have loved my papa and mamma too, from what my mamma says, though I never heard of you before last night, when mamma was raving. She was a little flighty, because she is very sick and we are poor. And her mind is troubled about money and about me, because I am all alone if she should die. My dear papa died a long time ago. It is not that my mamma forgot you, dear godmother, but she thought you were dead, or had forgotten her; for she wrote to you several times and never heard from you. But I am sure you did not forget: you could not be so good and kind and forget so easily. And I feel in my heart that you are not dead. Something told me to say my Rosary, and I did; and I know Our Lady put the thought of writing to you in my mind.

Dear godmother, we are very poor, and if you could lend us some money for a while mamma would pay you back when she gets well, even if she had to sell my papa's watch, which she looks at and looks at sometimes when we are badly off, but which she can not bear to part with. And even if we had money, dear godmother, and did not need any help, I would have written this letter, because I could tell from the way mamma looked when she told me about you that it would give her great joy to know you were still living and remembered her. She does not know I am writing this. If you are not dead and will write to me, it will be such a surprise for her to hear from you; and if you are dead, of course you will never see this, and can not write, and she will not be disappointed.

Dear godmother, if you are poor also—for sometimes rich people lose their money—write to me all the same. We might live together if that should be the case—you and mamma and I,—and then we would each have some friends in the world. I have so often longed for mamma to have “a friend in the world”; for many and many a time she has said, “Dear child, we have not a friend in the world.”

Dear godmother, I am sitting in the little closet, and mamma’s bed is just against the wall on the other side, and I think I hear her stirring. Please write to me as soon as you can after reading this, and believe me

Your loving godchild,
MELANIE LASANCE.
(Conclusion next week.)

Robbing the Pope.

LEO X., who filled the Chair of Peter from 1513 to 1520, was a man of singularly benevolent disposition and rare affability of manner. In a very special manner he was the friend of children.

He was standing one day at a window overlooking the Vatican gardens, when he noticed a boy who was climbing with great agility the rather high wall which surrounded the grounds. Having accomplished the difficult feat, he ran swiftly towards a rosebush which had been planted seventy or eighty years before by Pope Eugenius IV., and which was just then covered with lovely flowers. Furtively glancing round, the boy hastily snatched one of the roses and set off at full speed, evidently hoping to escape as he had entered. But he was pursued. An officer of the Pope’s body-guard, who had been an unseen witness of the larceny, quickly captured the culprit.

The Pope, whose curiosity was aroused, ordered the boy to be brought before him. When the little criminal stood trembling in his presence, the Holy Father gently questioned him.

“Why did you enter the garden and take away a rose?”

“Your Holiness,” stammered the youth, “my mother is very ill, and we are very poor. Last night she dreamed that she would recover if she had a rose out of the Vatican gardens. I determined to get her one even if I risked my life.”

His Holiness was touched by the boy’s love for his mother.

“It was not quite right of you, my child,” he said, in a kind voice; “but I forgive you. Take the rose to your mother, with my blessing.”

Filled with delight, the boy hurried away. Scarcely had he reached home when the Pope’s physician arrived there. He had been sent by the Holy Father himself to see the sick woman. Having inquired into her case, the doctor prescribed suitable remedies, and before very long the poor mother regained health and strength. Her dream was verified.

The Pope was so pleased with the boy’s filial love that he arranged for his education. He never had cause to regret his benevolence. His *protégé* became a holy and learned priest. He always retained the most grateful recollection of his benefactor; and in the extreme old age to which he lived it was one of his chief delights to relate the story of the Vatican rose.

To a Toad.

BY E. MERRYWEATHER.

TOAD, toad, ugly old toad,
Get out of my way and keep off the road!
For a cart is near with a heavy load,
And you might get hurt, you ugly old toad!

Now, what is the use of you I can not see;
But the gardener yesterday said to me
That a toad in a garden should always be,
That a toad he was always pleased to see.

God made you little, He told you to grow;
He loves all the creatures He made, I know.
I’ll try not to dislike you, old toad, although
You really *are* ugly, and, oh, so slow!

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—"Abraham's Bosom," by Basil King (Harper & Brothers), is a 16mo of 54 pages, devoted to a fantastic narrative of what happened to the Rev. Berkeley Noone when he came to die. It contains nothing of worth for Catholics, or for others who believe with St. Paul that "after death comes judgment."

—Recent brochures received from Bloud & Gay, Paris, include "Aux Armées d'Italie," by Jules Destrée and Richard Dupierreux; and "Silhouettes Italiennes," by Domenico Russo. Late happenings on the Italian front give a note of special timeliness to both these interesting books, which, even apart from their opportuneness, are worth while contributions to the ever-growing literature of the war.

—All who cultivate the spirit of Carmel, clients of St. John of the Cross in particular, will welcome a little book composed of his "Instructions and Precautions," published by the Monastery of Discalced Carmelites, Wheeling, W. Va. Besides the "instructions and precautions," which are preceded by a brief sketch of the Saint's Life, there are some letters and maxims by him, also a novena and prayers in his honor, together with the Breviary hymns for his feast. A picture of St. John forms the frontispiece of the book, which is bound in brown cloth and sold for fifty cents.

—It is too much to expect of Catholic editors, who call attention to exceptionally important articles appearing in learned periodicals little read by the general public, that they should "send marked copies," to such of their coreligionists as are known to be particularly interested in subjects occasionally discussed by eminent non-Catholic scholars, and whose views often coincide with those of the champions of the Church. A Catholic publicist who discovered for himself a paper which he 'would not have missed for anything,' contributed to one of the quarterly reviews, complains that Catholic papers never or very seldom, take note of such things, and so miss the opportunity of rendering a service which the Catholic reading public has a right to expect of them, etc. If this gentleman were an attentive reader—evidently he is not—of our best periodicals, he would know that his strictures are not altogether deserved, and that the service in question is by no means generally neglected. THE AVE MARIA makes no appeal to specialists of any sort, but we often receive from non-Catholic scholars—authors and editors—expressions of gratitude for calling attention to exceptionally important writings for which

nothing like general appreciation had been shown. Only last week the editor of a learned quarterly review wrote: "The interpretation which appeared in your issue of June 15 is very stimulating. . . . Like produces like, and the spirit of these references is the spirit that will make for the unity which is an essential characteristic of the Church of God."

—"A Religion—With a Minus Sign," a neat 16mo pamphlet of 38 pages, issued by the Loyola University Press, Chicago, is an open letter to Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., by the Rev. Joseph P. Conroy, S. J. In discussing and dissecting Mr. Rockefeller's humanitarian substitute for genuine religion, Father Conroy adopts the dialogue plan which the late Father Lambert, several decades ago, used to such good purpose in discrediting a noted American infidel; and he accomplishes his task with like brilliancy.

—A book that came to our table only the other day—"Our Lady's Month"—is obviously a belated volume. It is worth while procuring, however, even thus far in advance of May, 1919. The author, Sister M. Philip, of York (England), discusses thirty-one titles of the Blessed Virgin in as many brief devotional chapters. The Bishop of Northampton contributes a preface to the book, which is published by Sands & Co. (in this country, the B. Herder Book Co.) Its price is not any lower than a 12mo of 157 pages may well be, even in this day of very expensive book paper,—\$1.30.

—There should be a wide welcome from the members of religious Orders for "Selected Letters of Saint Jane Frances de Chantal," translated by the Sisters of the Visitation, Harrow, England; with a preface by Cardinal Bourne,—a preface that merits special attention. "We are all so apt to idealize the Saints whom we love to study and honor and strive to imitate," says his Eminence, "that we are in danger of forgetting that they possessed a human nature like our own, subject to many trials, weaknesses and frailties. They had to struggle as we have to struggle. The only difference is that their constancy and perseverance were far greater than ours. . . . In the case of some of the Saints, we are able to come nearer to the reality by reading the letters which have been preserved, in which in their own handwriting they have set down, without thought of those who in later days might read their words, the details of their daily life and struggle."

How true all this is may be shown by a few brief extracts. In a letter to the Countess de

Toulonjon, St. Frances de Chantal says, after exhorting her to fulfil all her duties towards her husband: "I am told you have become sarcastic. Believe me, dearest daughter, it is by Christian modesty, and a gentle and gracious manner to all, that you ought to make yourself known. Turning others into ridicule is not becoming in one of your position and age." Not less outspoken is the Saint in a letter addressed to a mistress of novices concerning a certain Sister M——: "She can tell untruths about what I said to her just as she does about other things. Let her not think that I believe in her revelations." The Saint urges Commander de Sillery, French Ambassador to the Courts of Spain and Rome, "for the love of God" to take plenty of good, nourishing food, and try to regain his former strength, which, it would seem, he had impaired by indiscreet mortifications. Of special interest is the letter on St. Francis de Sales, who was so much beloved and venerated by St. Jane Frances de Chantal. She declares that he would never willingly tolerate the less perfect in his soul, but adds: "It was not that he did not commit some imperfections, but they were always from frailty or pure surprise."

An exceptionally useful and delightful book. We hope it will have a great many readers. For sale in the United States by P. J. Kenedy & Sons. Price, \$2, net.

The Latest Books. A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- "Jesus in the Eucharist." Rev. F. Girardey, C.S.S.R. \$1.
 "Her Irish Heritage." Annie M. P. Smithson. \$1.35, net.
 "Religion and Human Interests." Rev. Thomas Slater, S. J. 75 cts.
 "Our Lord's Own Words." Vol. II. Rt. Rev. Abbot Smith, O. S. B. \$1.25.
 "An Eight Days' Retreat." Rev. H. Hurter, S. J. \$1.25.
 "A Soldier's Confidences with God." Lieut. Giosuè Borsi. \$1.
 "A Spiritual Æneid." R. A. Knox. \$2.50.
 "A Life of St. Francis Xavier." M. T. Kelly. \$1.25.

- "Religious Professions, a Commentary on a Chapter of the New Code of Canon Law." Rev. H. Papi, S. J. \$1.
 "Theory and Practice of Educational Gymnastics for Junior High Schools." \$1.50.
 "The Great Thousand Years and Ten Years After." Ralph Adams Cram, Litt. D. \$1.50.
 "The Church at the Turning Points of History." Godefroid Kurth. \$1.25.
 "Doctrinal Discourses." Vol. I. Rev. A. M. Skelly, O. P. \$1.25.
 "The Soul of the Soldier." Thomas Tiplady. \$1.25, net.
 "A Memoir of William A. Stanton, S. J." William T. Kane, S. J. \$1.25.
 "The Secret of the Marne." Marcel and Maude Berger. \$1.50.
 "Food Problems." A. N. Farmer, J. R. Huntington. 27 cts.
 "Correspondence of John Henry Newman with John Keble and Others. 1839-1845." Edited at the Birmingham Oratory. \$4, net.
 "Donatism." Dr. Adrian Fortescue. 90 cts.
 "The Book of the High Romance. A Spiritual Autobiography." Michael Williams. \$1.60.
 "The World and the Waters." Rev. E. F. Garesché, S. J. \$1.
 "Shepherd My Thoughts." Rev. Francis Donnelly, S. J. 75 cts., postage extra.
 "Towards the Goal." Mrs. Humphrey Ward. 60 cts.
 "The Story of St. Patrick's Purgatory." Shane Leslie. 50 cts.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Thomas Galligan, of the diocese of Salt Lake; and Rev. Arnold Baker, O. S. C.

Mother M. Charles, of the Sisters of the Good Shepherd; and Sister M. Hermenegild, Sisters of the Holy Cross.

Mr. Samuel Elliott, Mr. John Ormsby, Mrs. Ann Conroy, Mr. J. R. Wheeler, Mr. Maurice Breslin, Mr. Henry Sieve, Miss Julia Kinsella, Mr. Charles Huber, Miss Ann J. McCabe, Mr. W. F. Bruger, Mr. Joseph St. Jacques, and Mr. William Fisher.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)

Our Contribution Box.

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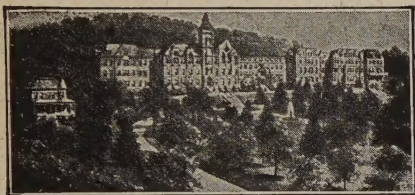
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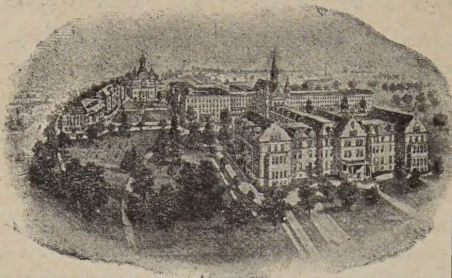
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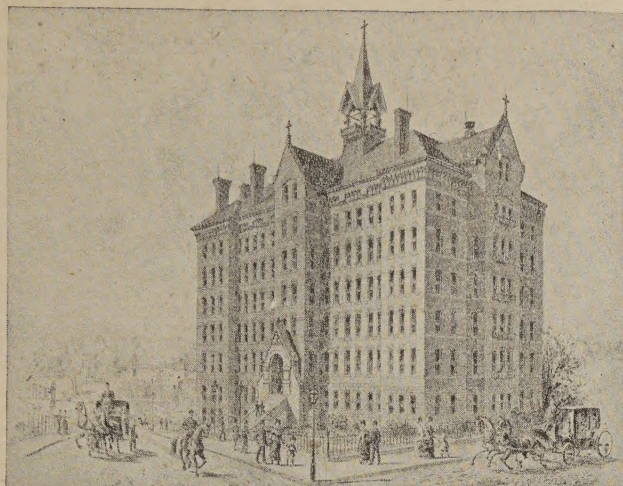
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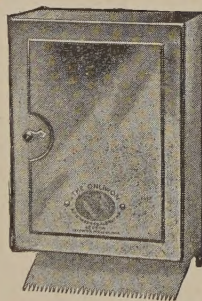


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